Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,
Say, is my Kingdome lost? why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as wee,
Greater he shal not be, if he serue God,
Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so:
Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mend,
They breake their fayth to God as wel as vs:
Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death wil haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so armde,
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which makes the siluer Riuers drowne their shores.
As if the world were al dissolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright steele, and hearts harder then steele,
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps
Against thy maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes against thy Crowne,
Thy very beadsmen learne to bend theyr bowes,
Of double fatal ewe against thy state,
Yea distaffe women manage rustie billes,
Against thy seate both yong and old rebel,
And al goes worse then I haue power to tell.
King Too wel, too wel thou telst a tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps,
If we preuaile, their heades shal pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord,
King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,